

Good Morning 700

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Your Letter said R.S.V.P. HEBENTON REPLIES . .

FIRST letter to-day comes FROM time to time, even in from E.A. Eric Yates, of this office, mistakes are Shalimar, who says that "many made. Even our usually effi- an egg has been dropped on the client typists lapse on occasions mess table at breakfast-time and we ourselves slip at times through some extra special When we do, we stand our effort on the part of a pin-up selves in a corner and repent girl coming to light." Now, in silence.

just what do you mean, Eric? Our pin-ups are wonderful, we are to know. Nothing is any effort to them.

Seriously, though, I'm glad you like Shop Talk and the family stories, and I hope you have noted a difference in the middle pages since we changed the make-up.

You interest me with your reference to "The Seagull Times." And I'd like to see a copy sometime.

THIS is for A.B. J. B. Campbell, who didn't know that such long-legged beauties as Kay Kendall were bred nowadays. The proof is in the post, and I hope she doesn't take your breath away.

SORRY I wasn't able to get you any films, S.P.O. Tug Wilson. I know how much you wanted to get pictures of "Unrivalled's crew, but I know you realise how difficult it is to get films of that size now.

FROM Leading Seamen W. A. Curtis and W. H. N. Martin of "Trident," comes a beautifully typed letter, written "on behalf of the crew," quoting a report from an American newspaper quoted by the "Daily Mirror."

KNOXVILLE (Tennessee) "Journal" urged the United States to buy England, Scotland and Wales outright, raze to the ground everything standing, and transport the entire population to Canada to ensure the world a "few hundred years without war or bloodshed."

Comments the "Mirror": We've still got a sense of humour.

I feel that Messrs. Curtis and Martin, on reflection, should have the same amusement from the report as it gave to others.

And there the matter can rest!

FROM A.B. Rupert Harrison on "Spiteful" comes a suggestion that we should appoint a representative of "Good Morning" on each boat to report to us how the paper goes down with the crew.

I have spoken to the Editor on the subject, Rupert, and we have agreed that it would be a big job for us to appoint somebody from a submarine crew unknown to us to act as our representative.

Our only contact with you is when you write or when we get around to see you at the depot ships. But if you like to appoint one of your number to forward your views on to us, we will be only too glad to hear from him.

Let's hear from you some time on the subject.

Patsy Woke Up the Dead to Score 6

"A GREAT player—and what past George's head. He didn't a wag! There'll never be say a word—just looked with another like him in cricket." mock seriousness at the bowler. I have heard this said of several After the luncheon interval, prominent figures, and basically, however, he walked out to the in every case, it was true. Cricket, wicket wearing a speedway rider's although meant to be taken seri- crash helmet! This he later ously, does not lose anything by a handed to the umpire, who had to player being humorous; and in hold the heavy thing until tea- the years before the present war time!

I have had cause to laugh at many Patsy Hendren, of Middlesex, of the wags who have followed is another England player who the calling of a professional made a place for himself in cricket history not only as a great bats cricketer.

Remember George Brown, the Hampshire and England wicket- keeper-batsman? Now, George was a great funster; really good stories, many, I might add, enjoyed every minute of his cricketing life, at the same time making everyone else see the AWAKE THE DEAD.

It was during a West Indies tour that Patsy had one of his most amusing experiences. At Georgetown, in great form, Hendren got underneath one loose ball and lifted it clean out of the ground through the window of a house opposite.

JOHN ALLEN

relates some of the humour of cricket in his series "They Only Happen Once."

There came a moan from behind Patsy, and turning he saw the dark-skinned wicket-keeper turning almost white!

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you feel well?" For a moment the stumper just looked at him. Then he said: "You know what you did? You

George, together with several of knock ball in house where dead his Test Match comrades, was man lying. You wake him up!"

invited to play against a native Pat, for once, was too surprised. George, as usual, took prised to say anything!

up his position behind the stumps. Another of Hendren's stories

When one particularly serious concerned a trip he took with an looking native took his stance at M.C.C. team to Jamaica. An the wicket Brown thought he'd amateur aboard always enjoyed ice have a little harmless fun. He in his glass after a meal. Some was a first-class imitator, and as days before the boat was due at the batsman settled down for Jamaica the negro steward served the first ball Brown nipped him up with a drink which had no leg—and then let out a dog-like ice in it.

The amateur said he wanted ice

The Indian fairly leapt out of and received the answer: "Ain't his skin—and his wicket went got no more ice, boss."

tumbling!

For a moment the amateur How the crowd roared—and was silent, then drawing a note when the joke was explained to from his pocket he said: "Here, the batsman he joined in the maybe this'll help you find some

ice. Do you think you can?"

Once Brown was playing for The steward furrowed his brow, Hampshire against Notts when the then promised to do his best. His pitch was very hard. The result Ice duly appeared in the amateur's

was that fast balls kept swishing glass, and this went on until the will never die.

"Tiger" Smith, the Warwickshire and England stumper, was crack on the head did you a bit of his opponents did not know was Middlesex fast bowler, made one that he was signalling to Leslie rise sharply, Brooks ducked and Ames behind the stumps. Between them these two worked out a head. Like a boxer given the system of signals which enabled K.O. he collapsed—but when the Ames to know which kind of ball players gathered round him Ted Freeman was going to send down. was on his feet in a shot saying:

A hitch of the trousers, for instance, meant a googly. By this method Ames and Freeman sent to the boundary. So was the secured hundreds of victims—following delivery—and Surrey without their opponents being had won.

As Brooks entered the pavilion "Tiger" Smith, the Warwickshire and England stumper, was crack on the head did you a bit of shire and England stumper, was crack on the head did you a bit of another great funster, who, when good, didn't it?" Even Ted, he retired from the game, left as he fingered the lump, had later

George Duckworth, the Lancashire "Tiger" was always fond of shire and England wicketkeeper, telling true stories, and one of his was another comedian. The best concerned a lady follower of stories of this never-to-be-for-Warwickshire County Cricket Club, gotten figure are legion, but one

She came up to Smith during a luncheon interval and said: "Is those who witnessed the incident,

it true that Mr. Parsons is really was born just before the war.

As a clergyman?"

"Yes, madam," replied "Tiger," and a batsman who had done great

"But how and when does he prepare his sermons for Sunday?" was due to take his place at the crease. He had a habit of getting nervous, and when he walked up

The "Tiger," sensing a long and endless conversation, put paid to everything by saying: "When he was fielding in the slips—until we tumbled to it and shifted him!"

It is a remarkable thing that a large number of the great funsters

of cricket—men who "Happen Only Once"—were wicket-keepers.

Ted Brooks, who "kept" for Surrey when Bert Strudwick gave up the game, was one of the most amusing characters the County has ever produced. Ted was always worth a laugh to listen to—and on the field his "sallies" always brought forth a smile, especially among the visitors.

On one occasion South Africa were playing at the Oval. A hot sun beat down upon the pitch, and the batsmen were having a wonderful time, Mitchell and

I am sending the newspapers as usual every week, as well as the song-hits you have mentioned in your letters, you must have quite a collection by now.

Good luck, Stoker, hope you like the picture.



Great little "Patsy" Hendren in action.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Mr. Bucket Makes an Arrest

IT is the old girl's birthday; He further requires that the old and that is the greatest holiday girl shall do nothing all day long and reddest-letter day in Mr. but sit in her very best gown, and Baguet's calendar. The auspicious be served by himself and the young event is always commemorated people. As he is not illustrious for according to certain forms, settled his cookery, this may be supposed and prescribed by Mr. Baguet to be a matter of state rather than some years since.

Mr. Baguet, being deeply con- but she keeps her state with all vinced that to have a pair of fowls imaginable cheerfulness.

for dinner is to attain the highest On this present birthday, Mr. pitch of imperial luxury, invariably Baguet has accomplished the usual girl, says Mr. Baguet. "Fit for a goes forth himself very early in the preliminaries. He has bought two morning of this day to buy a pair; specimens of poultry, which, if he is, as invariably, taken in by there be any truth in adages, were the vendor, and installed in the certainly not caught with chaff, possession of the oldest inhabitants to be prepared for the spit; he of any coop in Europe.

Returning with these triumphs by their unlooked-for production; of toughness tied up in a clean blue he is himself directing the roasting and white cotton handkerchief of the poultry; and Mrs. Baguet, (essential to the arrangements), he with her wholesome brown fingers in a casual manner invites Mrs. itching to prevent what she sees Baguet to declare at breakfast going wrong, sits in her gown of what she would like for dinner.

Mrs. Baguet, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying, Fowls, Mr. Baguet instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst general amazement and rejoicing.

To these young scullions Mrs. Baguet occasionally imparts a

wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face as they make mistakes.

"At half-after one," says Mr. Baguet, "to the minute, they'll be done." Mrs. Baguet, with anguish, beholds one of them at a stand-still before the fire, and beginning to burn.

"You shall have a dinner, old queen."

By Charles Dickens

Mrs. Baguet shows her white teeth cheerfully, but to the perception of her son betrays so much uneasiness of spirit that he is impelled by the dictates of affection to ask her, with his eyes, what is the matter?—thus standing, with the least hope of a return to consciousness.

Fortunately, his elder sister perceives the cause of the agitation in old comrade in the lurch. Don't Mrs. Baguet's breast, and with an admulatory poke recalls him.

"No, Lignum. No. I don't say he will. I don't think he will. But extremely scaly.

again, Mrs. Baguet closes her eyes in the intensity of her relief.

"George will look us up," says off."

Mr. Baguet, "at half-after four. Mr. Baguet asks why?

To the moment. How many years, "Well," returns his wife, con-

old girl, has George looked us up, sidering, "George seems to me to

be getting not a little impatient

as make an old woman of a young he's as free as ever. Of course, he

one, I begin to think. Just about must be free, or he wouldn't be

that, and no less," returns Mrs. George; but he smarts, and seems

Baguet, laughing and shaking her put out."

"He's extra-drilled," says Mr.

"Old girl," says Mr. Baguet. Baguet, "by a lawyer, who would

"Never mind. You'd be as young put the devil out."

as ever you was, if you wasn't

"There's something in that," his

younger. Which you are, as every-

wife assents; "but so it is,

Lignum."

It is not for us to tell you that there was no creator of fiction like Charles Dickens. He may remain a ghostly figure to us, but his character creations are real. Mr. Bucket, the agreeable police officer, was a type of the old Bow street runners. We present him at the apex of his career, straight from the romance of "Bleak House."

Quebec and Malta here ex- Further conversation is pre- Their legs are so hard, as to claim, with clapping of hands, vented, for the time, by the neces- encourage the idea that they must that Bluffy is sure to bring sity under which Mr. Baguet finds himself of directing the whole force their long and arduous lives to speculate on what it will be.

"Do you know, Lignum," says a little endangered by the dry ing of matches.

But Mr. Baguet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on in a glace humour of the fowls in not yielding

Mrs. Baguet, casting a glance at Malta with her right gravy acquiring no flavour, and Mrs. Baguet eating a most severe

turning out of a flaxen complexion.

With a similar perverseness, her; and as that good old girl

the potatoes crumble off forks would not cause him a moment's

disappointment on any day, least

heaving from their centres in of all on such a day, for any con-

every direction, as if they were sideration, she imperils her diges-

subject to earthquakes.

The legs of the fowls, too, are

The old girl has another trial to

admonitory poke recalls him.

"No, Lignum. No. I don't say longer than could be desired, and undergo after the conclusion of the

he will. I don't think he will. But extremely scaly. Overcoming these repast, in sitting in state to see the

trouble of his, I believe he would ability, Mr. Baguet at last dishes, and the dinner-service washed up

and they sit down at table; Mrs. Baguet occupying the guest's place

at his right hand.

It is well for the old girl that

she has but one birthday in a year,

for two such indulgences in poultry

is in the nature of poultry to

possess, is developed in these speci-

mens in the singular form of

the same causes lead to a con-

fusion of tongues, a clattering of

Their limbs appear to have crockery, a rattling of tin mugs, a

struck roots into their breasts whisking of brooms, and an ex-

and bodies, as aged trees strike penditure of water, all in excess;

roots into the earth.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

5. Of what are bows made (for archery)?
 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 312, 432, 261, 453, 132, 576.

Answers to Quiz in No. 699

1. Plantain.
 2. English cwt. equals 112lbs.; U.S.A. cwt. equals 100lbs.
 3. Quickly.
 4. (a) Be-mont, (b) Bo-mont.
 5. Earthenware.
 6. Milk is an animal product; others aren't.

The Things People Do

SEAMAN Carl W. Svendson, attached to the U.S. naval operations base at Key West, Florida, is a lucky chap—one should think.

Never once since he joined up has his girl friend, Miss Helen Dickerson, of Baltimore, Maryland, forgotten to write and post him a four-page letter.

But the other day she ran over the four pages. Her pen gaily scampered over pages five, six, seven . . . and so on, until when her fountain pen gave out she found she had filled one hundred and four sheets of paper.

She posted that, too. Carl, with the weightiest correspondence of any man in the U.S. Navy, may be wondering whether, maybe . . . well, if a girl writes that length does she have the same amount of small talk?

THERE'S nothing like having a job for life—it takes your mind off things. It looks as though Mr. Raymond Smith has got it.

Mr. Smith is curator of the London Guildhall library. He has been there, first as clerk, since 1908. When the fire bombs fell in 1940, most of the Guildhall went up in flames. The fire was stopped almost exactly half-way across the great chamber where the principal library was housed.

What wasn't destroyed by fire was ruined by water. In all, about 25,000 books were lost.

Even in the store-room beneath the Library, books were drenched in their shelves by water leaking through the floor, and froze into blocks of ice.

Well, Mr. Smith has set out to build the Library up again. So far he has received between 4,000 and 5,000 volumes from individual members of the public.

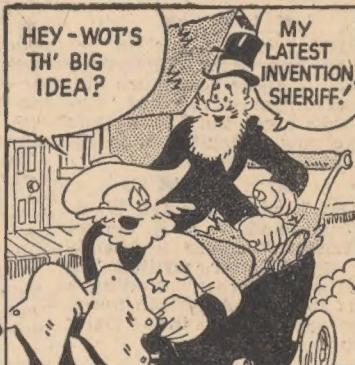
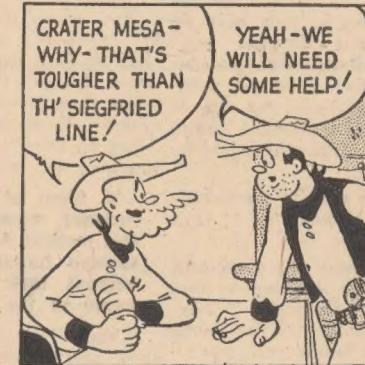
But Mr. Smith won't be content till the Library has been completely restored, on its old site. He's not so young as he was, but he hopes to get it done in his lifetime.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Edmund Mutch, of Huntly's Cave, Morayshire, gets a taxi ride free every morning. He lives four miles from the nearest school and the roads are too rough and steep for him to walk all that way there and back.

So as the fare-clock ticks up the thrupences, Edmund lolls back in his seat with a big smile on his face. The bill—some £2 12s. 6d. a week—is paid by the County Education Committee.

When he rolls up to the school gates, the other lads don't envy him—Mutch!

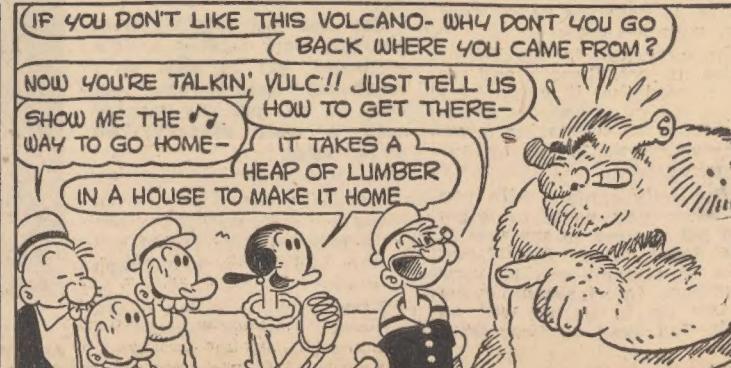
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 640

1. Behead a punctuation mark and get a sleeper.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Icaotaoucemyowabsece,cal?
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: MEAT into STEW.
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He drank too much — stout. and — his copy-book.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 639

1. Still.
2. There is an unusual muddle in uncle's study.
3. MAKE, bake, bane, band, bend, MEND.
4. BRUTES, tubers.

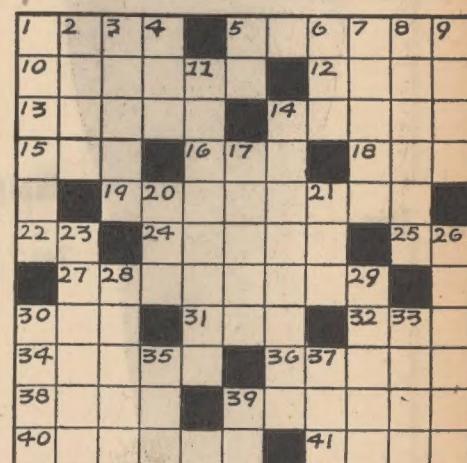
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Close tight. 5 Fruit. 10 Cotton material. 12 Proceeded. 13 Apart. 14 Put. 15 Cereal. 16 Negative. 18 Crude. 19 Ordinary notes. 22 Printing measure. 24 Wild animal. 25 Pronoun. 27 Components. 30 Fodder. 31 Before. 32 Seed. 34 Giants. 36 Eat away. 38 Ireland. 39 Money-lender. 40 Abscond. 41 Lamb.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Rare. 2 Comfortable. 3 Stranger. 4 Covering. 5 Animation. 6 Pricking-tool. 7 Gem. 8 Realise. 9 Dinner dish. 11 French mountains. 17 Boring-tool. 20 Consumed. 21 Skill. 23 Lean. 26 Skilful. 28 Poem. 29 Fern seed. 30 Loosened ground. 33 Notion. 35 Girl's name. 37 Drink. 39 Erect.

Mr. Bucket Makes an Arrest

(Continued from Page 2) "I didn't know I looked white," while the saturation of the young says the trooper, passing his hand ladies themselves is almost too over his brow, and I didn't know moving a spectacle for Mrs. Baguet I looked shocked, and I'm sorry to look upon, with the calmness I do."

When Mr. Baguet takes his usual seat, the hands of the clock are very near to half-past four; as they mark it accurately, Mr. Baguet announces:

"George! Military time."

It is George: and he has hearty congratulations for the old girl (whom he kisses on the great occasion) and for the children, and for Mr. Baguet. "Happy returns to all!" says Mr. George.

"But, George, old man!" cries Mrs. Baguet, looking at him curiously. "What's come to you?"

"Come to me?"

"Ah! you are so white, George—for you—and look so shocked. Now don't he, Lignum?"

"George," says Mr. Baguet, "tell the old girl what's the matter."

"Old girl," says Mr. Baguet, "tell him my opinion of it."

"Why, it's a wonder, George!" Mrs. Baguet exclaims. "It's the beatifullest thing that ever was seen!"

"Good!" says Mr. Baguet. "My opinion."

"It's so pretty, George," cries Mrs. Baguet, turning it on all sides making himself speak more gaily, and holding it out at arm's length.

"But you're so quick, Mrs. Baguet, that it seems too choice for me."

"Bad!" says Mr. Baguet. "Not my opinion."

"But whatever it is, a hundred thousand thanks, old fellow," says Mrs. Baguet, her eyes sparkling subject of the day, and we'll stick with pleasure, and her hand to her," cries Mr. George. "See stretched out to him; " and saying, "O Lignum, Lignum, what a precious old chap you are!"

But the trooper fails to fasten the brooch. His hand shakes, he is nervous, and it falls off.

"Would any one believe this?" says he, catching it as it drops, and looking round. I am so out of sorts that I bungle at an easy job like this!"

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you the name of the Derby winner which Steve Donoghue rode many years ago.

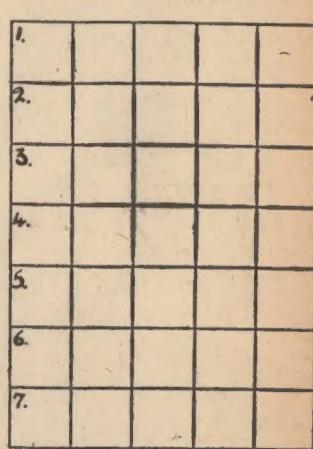
1. To diminish gradually.
2. Oxygen augments by electric influence.
3. Bashful.

wooden, yet so pleasantly childish, that Mrs. Baguet cannot help laughing in her airy way, and saying, "O Lignum, Lignum, what a precious old chap you are!"

But the trooper fails to fasten the brooch. His hand shakes, he is nervous, and it falls off.

"Would any one believe this?" says he, catching it as it drops, and looking round. I am so out of sorts that I bungle at an easy job like this!"

(More to-morrow)



Jack Greenall
Says:
Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!

THE ARMADILLO.

THE Armadillo is not everyone's cup of tea. He eats putrid remains. In Paraguay he is common. To my mind, anyone eating putrid remains is common anywhere.

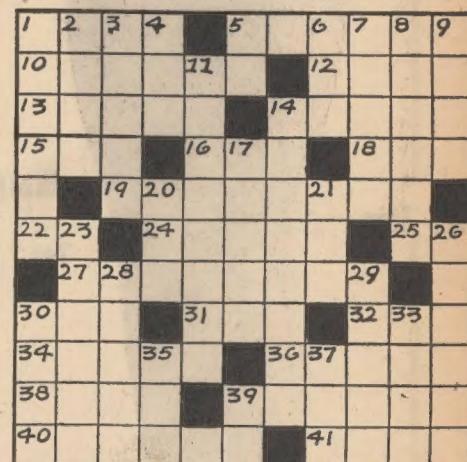
In appearance he'd pass for a small tank. His face is not worth writing home about. This animal can tuck his head under his chest, and anyone seeing him eating putrid remains would, I think, follow suit.

The flesh of the Armadillo is rank and strong. This should be no news to you by now. Sunlight sadly bewilders the Armadillo, the Armadillo in turn bewilders me.

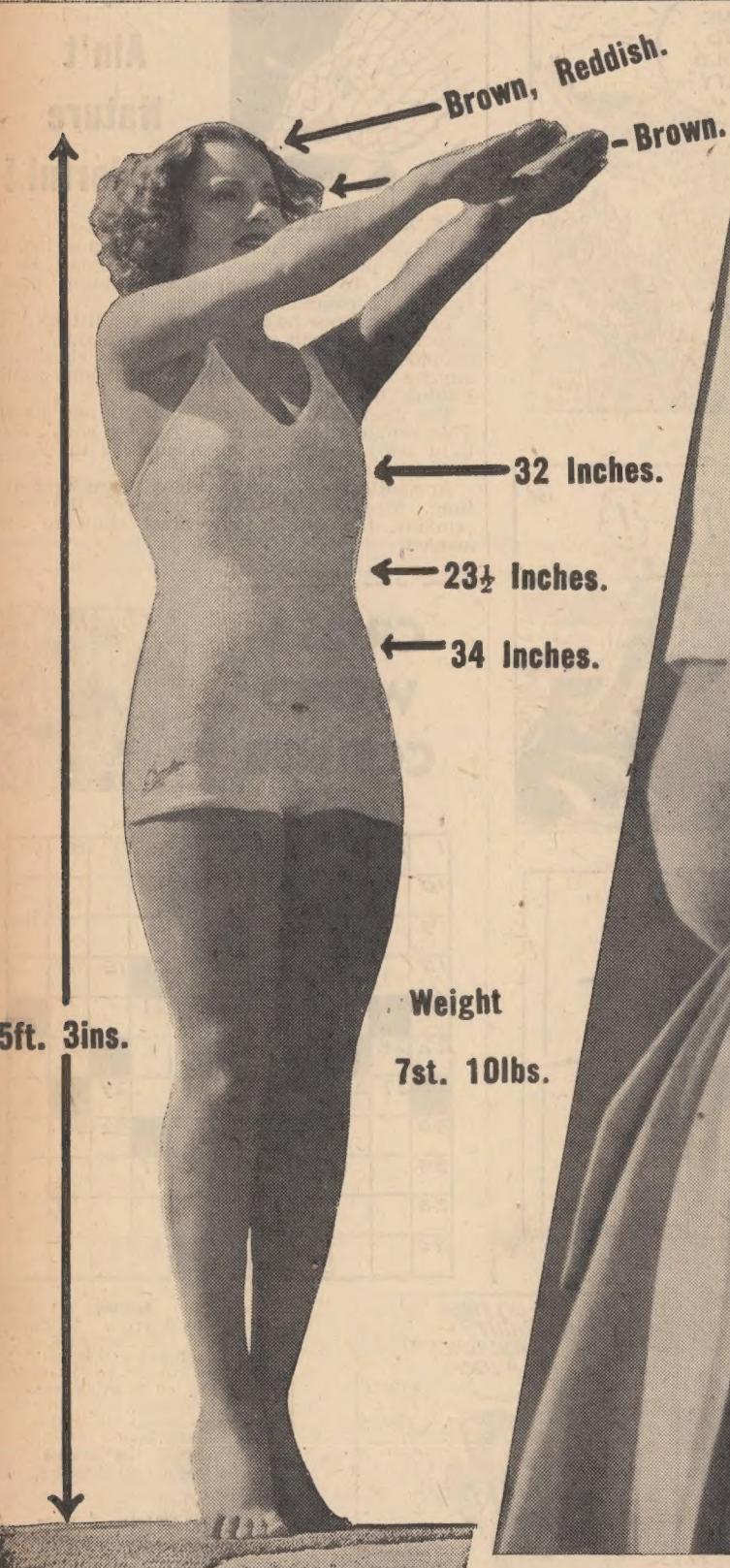
Armadillos have six or eight youngsters at a time. Strewh! What with these and the putrid remains, the whole joint must stink to high heaven.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

RAFFIA	HELP
ANIL	BAILEE
IGNITES	BAR
NO PIT	PROPS
RAPTS	SEW
CAGE	VERA
REARM	WIDE
EPISODES	MC
WIN	ORBITAL
ENSURE	TODD
LETS	WASTED



Good Morning



"GOOD MORNING" PROUDLY PRESENTS THE FACTS BEHIND THE PIN-UPS.

The first star the "G.M." sleuth investigated was Olivia de Havilland. Top left, shows how he snooped into the star's bathroom. "Nothing on her, there," he announced. Below left, he gives the figures. Our other picture shows the star herself, who mutters—through her straw—"my figure speaks for itself." Exit sleuth !